

152
Medicaster Exenteratus,
For OR THE *Evil*
Quack's Pourtrait.

1715
A
P O E M.

By THO. BOYDELL, Philomed.

Novum intervenit Vitium, & Calamitas.
—— *Populus studio stupidus, in Funambulo*
Animum occupat. [Ter. de Hecyr.]

—— *Soluto*
Qui capras Ritus Hominum, tamamq; Dicacis
Affectat, niger est. Hanc, in Romane, caveto.

L O N D O N :

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B  L

15-4-17

Verè Digno, & insigni Viro, πρὸς μὲν colendo.

D^{NO}. Willielmo Chetwode

M. D.

In rebus M. dicis

Expertissimo, Doctissimo, fausto,

ἀντιπροσώπῳ suo munifico,

THO. BOYDELL.

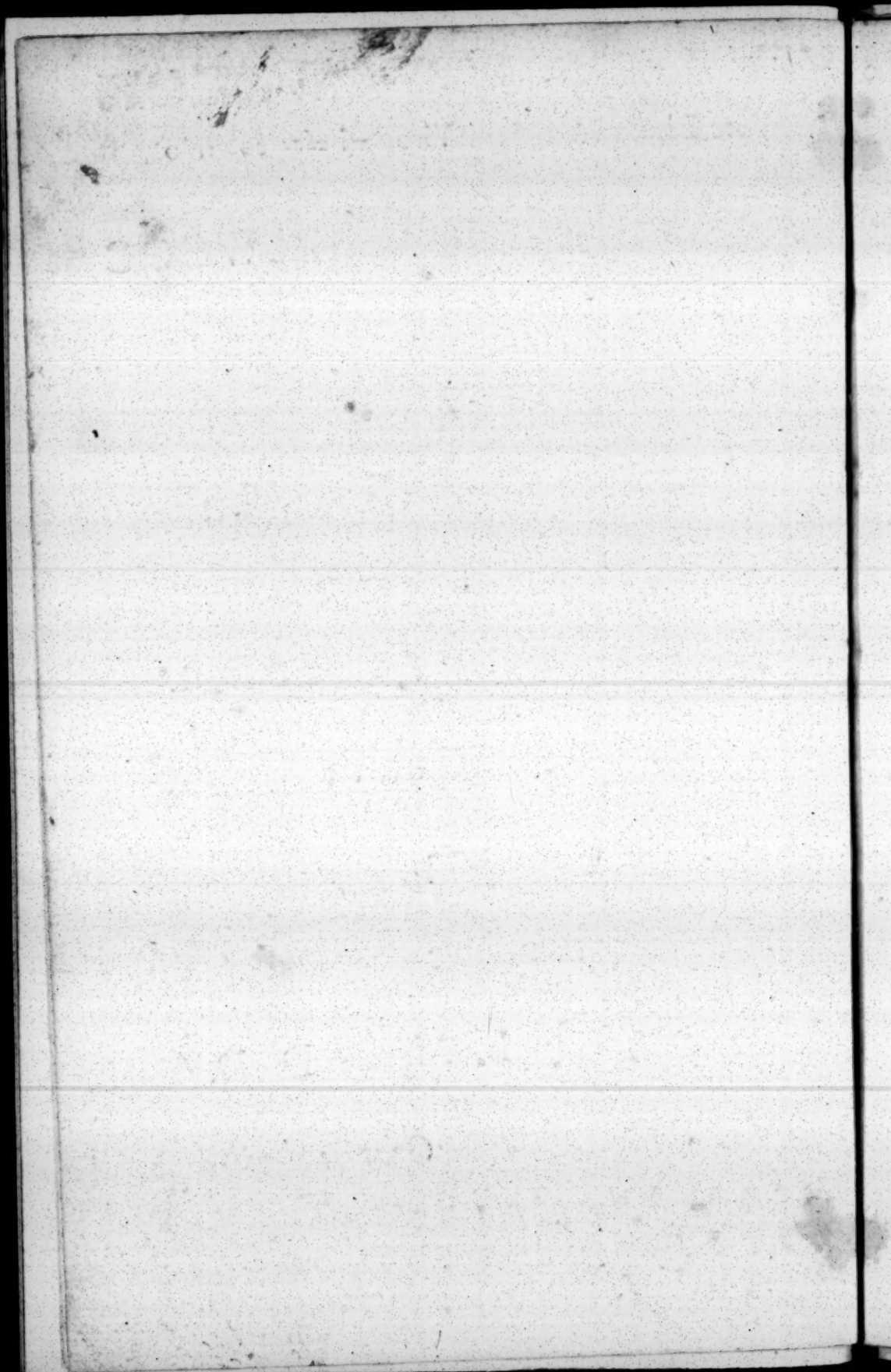
Hoc suum Carmen

qualecunq;

humiliter

L. M. D. D. D.

Gratitudinis ergo.



THE
QUACK'S PORTRAIT.
A
P O E M.

YE Den'zons of *Parnassus*! either show
Your Pow'r at once, or your mischievous
[Foe
Rash *Ign'rance*, and audacious *Nonsense*
Th' insatuated Globe with Trophies fill. [will

Dame *CLIO*! (like thy Name) be glorious, draw,
Out of thy Magazine, a *Satyr's* Claw;
Thy sharpest Quills of Porcupines let fly,
With staining Ink, against th' insulting Fry
Of *Emp'ricks*, *Quacks*, and *Charlatans*, that kill }
The Mob with *Jargon*, and a *Printed Bill*, }
And stab their Patients with a poison'd Quill. }

Let Pen on Pen, and Ink on Ink discharge,
And so prevent the sinking *Charon's* Barge.

Satyr, dissect the Rogues. --- Flea off their Skin
Unfold their murth'ring Principles within:

The Quack's Pourtrait.

Severely lash those Factors of the Fates,
That with unvary Souls croud *Pluto's Gates*.

Licentiate *Hacksters!* whose improved Skill,
Is their own Pockets, and Church-yards to fill.

Brand ev'ry Quack with merited Disgrace,
Strip off the Vizor, and unmask his Face,
Expose him naked; let his Patients see,
The Gold they give him, is a *Hang-man's Fee*.
That who's hence by such Impostors dies,
May own, (on *Stygian-Strand*) he had no Eyes.

But let him have the Fate of *fatted Bull*,
First bate him soundly, after break his Scull.
Bring him upon his *Darling Scaffold*, whence
He'll show a Knave's insidious Impudence,
Thro' the thin Veil of glaz'd Impertinence.

When *miser Fool* has play'd his antick Tricks,
And is dismiss'd with Honourable Kicks:
Then enter Compound *Knave* and *Fool*, with Scull
As empty as a Drum; but both Hands full.
In this, *drawn-Teeth*, *dry'd Corns*, and *wither'd Wrens*,
In that, *Pills*, *Tinctures*, *Oyls*, *Orvietans*.

Advancing thus, with supercilious Air,
In awkward Shreagg, and domineering Stare,
He struts in print, and gives Beholders Space
To view his *Signet*, *Sword-Knot*, *Fringe*, and *Lace*,
And now an Ogling Leer betrays his Guess,
That all admire his Fabrick, Mien, and Dress.

Then

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Then with expanded Arms, and lofty Tone,
H' harangues his gaping Audience, and goes on.

*G*ent'men! I cover not, nor want your Gold,
But in remotest Climates have been sold,
You basely are, by Home-bred Quacks cajoll'd.

Gent'men! It grieves my Soul, to find that you,
(My Country-men) entrust your Lives t' a few
Inexpert, rusty, bari'ning Drones, that ne'er
Drew in one single Breath of Forreign Air.
That Surfeit on high Sauce, and fatted Chine,
And wash it down with Flasks of Gen'rous Wine;
Whilst they confine their Patients ev'ry Day,
To Water-Gruel, Posset-drink, and Whey.
That load your fainting Rooms with nauseous Trash,
And sell uncertain Health for ready Cash.

*I*n compassion to these wretched Times,
I have left much happier, & thrise wealthier Climes.
Gen'men! In condescending Love to you,
I've fragrant India left, and rich Peru.
Exil'd my self from China's splendid Court,
Whose Prince is for my Absence a-la-mort.
Sclavonia, Rome, and Magadascar mourn
Their loss of me; Spain prays for my return.

I've travers'd all the Globe, and seen that Spot,
On which old Archimedes plac'd one Foot,
And with the other toss'd the World about.

Upon Hydaspes-Banks, where Griffins pant,
I've rode a Hunting on an Elephant,

And

The Quack's Pourtrait.

*And there have chas'd, in those Serpentine-Grots,
Squadrons of Dragons, and Rhinocerotts.*

*I o'er the Frozen-Ocean smooth'd my way,
To cure the Cham of Tattar's Fistula,
For which I ride a Barb'ry-Horse, and wear
Ten Golden-Medalls, and his Scymeter.*

*Mulcovian Czar yet lives thro' my Advice,
I've Purg'd him Forty Times, and Flux'd him twice;
I've kept the Duke of Tuscany alive,
With Cordial-Juleps, e'er since Ninety five.*

*In the Seraglio I have din'd no less
Than Thirty Times with the Grand Sultaneſs.
Theſe favour'd Lips impreſſ'd their Seal upon
Mogul's great Toe, and Clement's Pantaloons.
Theſe Hands a Wren cut off the Sultan's Ear;
Theſe Loins begat the King of Bantam's Heir.*

*Gent'men! I've travell'd for my Skill, and now
I'll let you ſee my Charity to you.*

H*ere's Med'cines in this Princely Treſure bound,
Will all Diſeaſes cure, and keep you ſound
Gen'men, obſerve — My Mollient Unguent heals
To-r Botches, Ringworms, Felon, and kib'd Heels,
Warts, Cankers, Buboos, Carbuncles, and Piles,
Scald-heads, and Stinking-breaths, and ripens Boyls.*

*Here's my Diſcutient Plaiſter cures your Corns,
Cut Fingers, Whitloes, Mange, and draws out Thorns.*

*Gen'men! Theſe Drops Alexipharmick take
For Megrim, Wamblings, Worms, and Belly-ach.*

Here's

*Here's my Pulmonick Linctus Wheesing stops,
Cures all Diseases of the Throat and Chapps.
Hoarseness, and Hiccocks, Coughs, and tickling Rheums,
Chin-coughs, Catarrhs, Short-breath, & belching Fumes,
Sore Throats, and Polypus, and is a Choice
Specifick to exalt and clear the Voice.*

*I give it not to Scolding Wives, or Lyars;
But to unpreaching Clergy-men, and Cryers.
This mixt with Album Græcum, Lap-dogs helps
To tuneful Notes, and makes the fav'rite Whelps
Address their Ladies with harmonious Telps.*

*Here's my Cosmetick beautifies your Skin,
Heals Pimples, Freckles, Scurf, and blister'd Shins.
This Water will (I never knew it fail)
Make pale Cheeks red, and fiery Faces pale.
He that's afflicted with Domestick Strife,
I'll recommend this Liquor for his Wife;
For whilst she in her Mouth Three Drops doth hold,
And keeps her Lips close shut, she'll never scold.*

*This my Cephalick Powder here contains,
Narcotick Vertues for unsettled Brains.*

*When I an old discarded States-man find
Gnawing his Flesh, to ease his envious Mind;
Or when a losing Gamester raves and swears,
Thumps his Fool's-Pate, and pulls himself by th' Ears;
This Powder reconciles them to their Fate,
Three Doses makes them easy and sedate,
And quite forget, they are unfortunate.*

*To a mad, rambling, hare-brain'd Rake I gave
One Dram, which made him settled; sober; grave.*

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*Those doting Fools, that curse with fold'd Arms
The Fair-One's marble Heart, and melting Charms,
Taking this Powder twice a Day, have grown,
The gayest, briskest, merriest Sparks in Town;
The Smell will make them laugh, tho' Sylvia frown.*

*All intercepted Motions of the Brain,
One Dose relieves, and puts to rights again,
When Spirit's Influx is bid is, and faint,
Or when inordinately violent.*

*This all your raging Vapours will suppress,
Erotick Phantasms, and Pensiveness;
Erroneous Dreams of suffocating Weights
By pressing Incubus, in dead of Nights.*

*Deliriums, Frenzies, Lethargies; and wholly
Diverts your Hypochondriack Melancholly.*

*That were the use of this Arcanum known,
And duly practis'd, Bedlam wou'd go down.*

*Gen'men, This clears your Heads from Lice and Nits,
And cures your Fits o' th' Mother, --- and Fi--- Fits
Of the Fa--- Father ---*

*Here he bites his Nail,
And shews that both his Lungs, and Mem'ry fail.
And having lost his Text, he wheels about
To fetch in Breath, and bring more I rump'ry out.*

THose trifling Themes, that Graduates pore
As Nature, Cause, and Constitution, [upon,
Symptoms, and Quality, are Things below
A more judicious Mountebank to know.

'Tis without Hesitation to repeat
Distemper's Names, that makes a Quack complet.
Each Term's a *Salve* for it's respective Sore :
All they can name, they cure, and ten times more.

INtolerable Coxcombs ! All this while
Their *Powders* are no more than sifted Tile.
Their *Tinctures*, Stale & Verjuice stain'd with Brick;
With Brasil some, and some with Turmerick.
Toads, and Tobacco their *Emeticks* are ;
And their *Catharticks*, Gall, Hogs-dung, and Tar.
Their *Pills* green powder'd Glass commixt with
[Paste.
Their *Linctures* are Molosses, with a Taste
Of Aromatick Lees profusely sent,
From loose and unretentive Fundament.

THese are the specious Druggs they make to
[shine,
In Phrases unintelligibly fine.
In barren rumbling Words their Talent lies,
And *Huff* and *Cant* the want of Sense supplies.
Dunces do make the loudest Noise in Schools,
The most profuse of Words are always Fools.
Yet this is Gospel to th' unthinking Throng,
That trust not Reason, but the Serpent's Tongue, }
Which shivers only, that they may be stung. }
Whose Hurricane of Rhodomantick Tales,
And choaking Nonsense kills, where *Pacquet* fails.

Yet Custom pleads, that Rustick Fools must
 Their Bundles, and their pois'nous Druggs apply } [buy
 In Complaisance, and fashionably dye. }
 Whilst those of better Taste, and clearer Eyes,
 These Snakes, with all their painted Scrolls, despise.

You've seen a lousie Calf, or Sheep unsound,
 With Feet involv'd, lie dormant on the
 Unguarded, and regardless of a Foe, [Ground,
 Aloft surpriz'd by an insulting Crow.
 The sporting Victrix treads the downy Bed,
 And makes repeated Tours from Tail to Head.
 First with her lawless Beak the Fleece she tries,
 Remorseless then digs out the listless Eyes:
 Nor satisfy'd with surfeiting in part,
 The breathing Entrails tears, at last the Heart.
 Whilst Dogs and Foxes 'scape such dire Mishap,
 Who tramples on them, must expect a Snap.
 Thus do these Rooks, the Quacks, they make a
 Of foolish Animals, but spare the wise. [Prize

BUt, see! the Doctor's Eyes reflect new Rays,
 He makes a fresh Assault, and thus he says.

Gen'men! I've brought my grand Panaceon forth,
 (Of gen'ral Vertues, and unbounded worth.
 This Glass contains Ingredients Ninety nine.
 The marv'lonous Composition's wholly mine.

The

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*The fruit of Ten Year's studious Sweat, and since
Confirm'd by Twenty Year's Experience.*

*'Tis my Elixir. And there is not one
Disease, past, present, or that shall be known,
But what this cures unto Perfection.*

*To instance some. — All Agues, old and new,
Quotidians, Tertians, Quartans, Quintans too.
(And I foresee the great Eclypse next Year
Will Sextan Agues bring amongst you here.)*

*GEN'men! 'tis worth the Wealth of half the Nation,
It clears the Mind of all unruly Passion;
In short, prevents Distemper's Generation.*

*And as for little common trifling Cures,
As Rheumatilms, Fevers, Calentures,
Hecticks, Convulsions, Dropsies, Gout, and Stone,
Imposthumes, Palsies, and Consumption.
All these before this healing Bottle fly,
As from an Otter doth the Scaly Fry;
Or as a Flock of Sheep, o'er Mountains scour,
To avoid the Teeth of swift pursuing Curr;
Or as a nibbling Mouse rebounding fees,
When she Grimalkin's stern Mustachioes sees.*

*GEN'smen! I have been abus'd. I am the Man:
I'll say't again. I'm only he that can
Work Cures incurable; wake old Men young,
Give ready Speech to him that has no Tongue;
I've Epuloticks, that will make Four-score
Prolifick, and infallibly restore
To Eunuchs Stones; Virginity's a Whore.*

*I without pain set broken Bones. In short,
Draw Teeth untelt, or I'll have nothing for't.*

*N*ow, Gen'men! You're convinc'd what I can do:
B' advis'd. Preserve your Lives and Money too.
Here's Health for Six pence here at your command,
Wou'd cost Six Guineas from another Hand.
Pull out, and don't your Happiness delay,
This only Minute's your's. — I must away.
See! — Here's a Letter calls me hence in haste,
To cut a Cancer off a Lady's Breast. —————
— My Chamber is next Door beyond the Bell,
And such as want, may find me there. Farewel.
And now the wrigling Serpent glides along,
Admir'd, and unpursu'd by those h' has stung.

I'Ve oft observ'd, when in, or near the Road
There crawls a Lizzard, or a bloated Toad,
Children, and frightful Women start, and flee
The hated Sight with strong Antipathy.

Th' Aversion is so natural, that scarce
One Man in ten, tho' stoutest Son of Mars,
Whom Dangers can't alarm, that dare engage
With naked Steel, and meet a Canon's rage,
But feels a Twitch, and steps in haste to take
The next offensive Weapon (Stone or Stake)
When he beholds a Viper or a Snake.

And don't your Blood grow chill, your Spirits freeze,
Your very Nerves unbrace at sight of these?

What!

What? Can a Man, an English-man sit still,
And see these Asps, these worst of Scorpions fill
Our Streets, and mount their hissing Heads on high,
To cast their Venom on tame Standers by?

[meet,
Look round. What? Can you with no Brick-bats
To bruise these Serpent's Heads? Unpave the Street:
Let fly a wholesom Storm of Pebbles, clear
From these foul Harpies the infected Air.
At least take *Antidotes*. For Men of Sense
Shun these, as they wou'd do the Pestilence.
Keep *Mithridate*, and *Venice-Treacle* near,
Let Towns-men their Effects remove, for fear.
For whilst these are in Town, the *Plague* is there.]

BUt all this while, their Pacquet's meer Disguise.
In Chamber-practice all the Myst'ry lies.
The great Design of Stage, and *Rare-Shows*,
Is to be popular. The Doctor knows
That Modesty's a Cloud to Worth and Sense,
Whilst Ostentation, Noise, and Impudence
Make Elbow-room amidst the yielding Crowd.
And to be *Eminent* is to be *Lord*.

ANd now the Gudgeons take the Bait: in Shoals
Contending, who shall be the *Leading Fools*
They crowd his Door; where every Man sets forth,
In broken Sentences, the Doctor's worth.
And with alternate Interruptions, cry. ———
—Here's a brave worthy Gent'leman!—Marry, Ay,
He's

*He's a fine Man. — Rich Cloaths, upon my Word. }
 A little Prince — He's certainly some Lord — }
 Or Squire — That's plain — He has a golden Sword. }
 He's Schollarship all o'er — Talks French and Dutch.
 'Twou'd pose our Vicar — Ay, and Forty such. —
 Such Cures I never heard. — Our Doctors! Pshaw!
 They'r, in comparifon, not worth a Straw. —
 What Sights h'has seen! — What Miracles h'has done
 Robin, didst ever hear the like? — O, Mon! —
 H'has been i' th' t'other World. — 'Twas mighty kind
 To come so far. — Neighbour, I'm of your Mind.*

Now happy he that has an aking Tooth,
 And can attract those Fingers to his Mouth,
 That have perform'd such Feats at Sea, and Land,
 And had so many Emp'ours under hand.

They feign Distempers, and he's lookt upon
 The bravest Fellow, that can swiftly run,
 And pay his Money first to be undone. • }

Intolerable Thirsts, Corroding Heats,
 Convulsive Palpitations, and cold Sweats,
 (All dreadful Symptoms) are the best Effect
 You from their Chamber-practice must expect.
 Experience proves, that every Dose creates
 Such Inflammation, as exasperates
 A mild Disease, which (let alone) had bin
 By Nature heal'd, without a Medicine.

Here they have arbitrary Pow'r to take
 Men's Lives, and Purles for Experience-sake.

IN *Antoninus's* Reign, when *Nicon's* † Son † *Galen*
 Forc'd Nature's boundless Stores begun;
 And the dissecting Humane Bodies came
 In use, t' unravel their mysterious Frame.
 To see how ev'ry distant Tendon serves
 The Pow'r of *Muscles*, and the Force of *Nerves*.
 Those Fountains search'd, from whence the flowing
 Of silver *Chyle*, and golden *Bileous Juice*, [Sluce
 And Tides of *Purple Streams* arise, and whence
 The twisting *Fibres* form the Seat of Sense.

From these dismember'd Corpses, too long kept
 Above ground, this insidious Vermin crept.
 First unsuspected, despicable Things,
 For then the feeble *Newts* had infant Stings.
 They skulk'd in *Cranies*, and wou'd hug their Spite,
 If they cou'd some unwary Herdsman bite.
 And never grudg'd their *Venom's* large expence,
 When it produc'd one *Dead-man*, and *Two pence*.
 These *Reptiles* did, at first, whole Winters sleep,
 And seldom durst, but under Coverts, creep:
 But now in open Streets the *Snakes* of late
 Hiss undisturb'd, and slide along in State.

THose Quacks that liv'd some Centuries ago,
 Had a sure way of Killing, but were slow.
 They to their lingering Patients wou'd allow
 Some inter-radiant Glimpse of Hope. But now,
 (Such their improved Skill, and artful Pen)
 One Day dispatches what a Month did then.

That if our wise and frugal Government [sent,
 To th' Enemy's Camp one Troop of Quacks had }
 More had been slaughter'd, and less Money spent.]

All done with inconsiderable Sums,
 Two Ships well fraught (instead of Ball & Bombs)
 The first with Cauters, Saws, Incision-Knives,
 And Instruments to take off Limbs, and Lives :
 The next with pois'nous Druggs of all Degrees,
 From *Aqua fortis* to *Cantharides*.
Crude Ars'nick, *Mercury*, and their *Sublimates*
 Had drain'd all *France*, the *Netherlands*, and *States*.
 Twenty Years Slaughter might have been by these,
 Made with advance in Twenty Days with ease;
 There's scarce a *Passing-Bell*, but what declares
 More dye by Quack-Prescriptions, than by Wars.

Some fall by *Powders*, and their *Potions* will
 As sure, tho' not so soon, as *Muskets*, kill.
 Some double-dos'd *Emeticks* buist, and some
 By burning *Causticks* suffer Martyrdom.
 Their keen *Catharticks* sting with Gripes, like those
 That *Women* feel, who dye amidst their Throws.
 Some by their strong *Chalybeate-Pills* have been
 Rack'd, during Life, with unrelenting Spleen;
 Others by *Opiates* into Slumbers cast,
 Not to be wak'd, but by the Trumpet's blast.

I F any shou'd object; the Freedom I
 Do take with those of my own Faculty,

Is either too indecent, or too warm,
Know, I stand *Centry*, and this loud Alarm
Is to awake the Town before a Storm.
And every wise Man will acknowledge sure,
Prevention's preferable to a Cure.

With this Design it is, I lash the Mean,
The Senseless, Sordid, Mercenary Men,
That cast dishonourable Scandals on
The Dignity of our Profession.

Those Health-obstructing *Sciologists*, that know
No more what they pretend, or what they do,
Than those, whose deepest Learning's *High-Gee-*
[who!]

Those Quagmire-Fogs, that *Pagan's* Raies obscure,
Create Distempers, and obstruct a Cure.
Insidious Robbers! Or, than Robbers worse,
Masqu'd Rogues! that cut your Throats to cure
Pervert the Faculty, and sacrifice [their Purse.
The publick Health to their damn'd Avarice.
Daring Usurpers of that sacred Art!
Which, undiguish'd, wou'd Health and Life impart.
An Art, once thro' the Universe ador'd,
Now dreaded more than either Plague or Sword.
Is now a Prostitute to private Gain:

The Sick-man's Terror, and the Sound-man's Bane.
Through these the Name of Doctor is become
As dreadful here, as *Nero's* was at *Rome*.
Poor Patients trembling, fly his odious Sight
Like Apparitions in dead time of Night.

The Quack's Pourtrait.

W' are look'd upon Commissioners from Death,
With his *Dead-Warrant* to demand their Breath.

Let all that wish their own, or Country's Good,
Joyn to extirpate this Pernicious Brood.

Tho' 'tis confess'd, the bold Attempt will need
Herculean Strength. They're all of *Hydra's* Breed.

And for each single amputated Head,
Two equally destructive rise in's stead.

And with an Itch of Imitation do
Infect conceited Fopps the Kingdom through.

Flies on a Carcass propagate their Kind :
When they forsake the Putrid Flesh, we find
A Brood of Embrio-Maggots left behind. }

So when these glitt'ring Hornets turn their Backs,
They leave a num'rous Swarm of New-blown
[Quacks,

That rise from every Dunghill, Bog, and Jaques,
And what *unmakes a Man*, a *Doctor makes*.

Modern Examples will this Truth confirm,
And all, but Fools, against their Murthers arm.

Enter *Tarpawlin* first; just come ashore,
Cashier'd for stealing Plate to give his Whore, }
And Twenty other such small Failings more,
For which on Timber-Steed three Hours he sat,
And had his Shoulders lick'd with Nine-tail'd Cat.
Which gave him strong Aversion unto Cord,
And little Stomach to return on board.
Yet rob and kill he must; so leaves the Deck,
And mounts a Buffet-Stool to save his Neck.

The

[Tale,

The Pitch'd-Boy apes the Quack, and tells his
Swears loud, and washes down his Oaths with Ale.

— H' has seen the *Torrid* and the *Frigid Zone*,
And knows each Climate's Constitution.

From ev'ry Promontory, Creek, and Bay,
H' has hawl'd some wholesome *Recipe's* away,
Beyond what *England* boasts. He found, by chance,
A *Root* near to the *Cape De Bon-Speranze*:

A rare *Catholicon*! works up and down,
Three Drams will cure the 'Squire, and one the

[Clown.

All Corners he supplies, and cures of course,
And still the Dose proportions to their Purse.
Gets Two and thirty Words of rumbling Sound
To fill his Compass up, and boxes round.

His Reputation ecchoes thro' the Town,
Sea-Doctor is a Term of high Renown.
And now there's scarce a Ship, that's homewards
[bound,
But runs a Pack of such like Rogues a-ground,
And Water-Snakes, like *Egypt's* Frogs abound.]

And when th' amphibious Vermin crawl
[ashore
They croak, and spawn, and spread the King-
[dom o'er.
Instead of Forty, take one Instance more.

By measures Mathematical he chose
Of this Specifick a proportion'd Dose;
And (having heard of Mines, and Batteries)
An Operation, yet unpractis'd, tries.
Concluding, those Ingredients which had blown
Up *Bulwarks*, wou'd puff out a *Kidney-Stone*.
Give *Sphincter-Muscle* larger Orifice,
And *Ureters* dilate. — So gives Advice.

Of *Battle-Dust* swa muckle *Bandeliers*,
Of *Nantz* yam Pint. I'se mingie weel the *Geers*,
I'e'se lagg 'am down to th' bottom of yar *Wem*,
Then spang yar gate to bed, and lig at hame.

[became }
This Mash well gorg'd, the Yeoman's Maw }
Of double Heat to that which Chymists name }
A *Balneum* with *Reverbratory* Flame. }

Which all the Parts in Fermentation put
Between the *Larynx*, and th' *Intestine-Gut*,
And Humours set a-broach from Head to Foot. }
And they, by force of that potential Fire,
In scalding Ebullitions did perspire.
At last, th' envelop'd Gun-seed forc'd a Stream
Of Urine purulent, and viscous Flegm.

'Twas ten to one, this Fool's Experiment
Had rid the World of *Good-man Ten per Cent*.

Long he with Death's arresting Hands did strive,
Who thought him no great Prize, so let him live.

And

And now a thousand rattling Lies he tells
How he the *Stone* extracts, dissolves, repells,
Prevents the petrifying Cause, and clears
Kidneys inflam'd, and ulcerous Ureters.

In short, as well as *Cyprianus* knows

The Cutting part, and better how to close.

FROM forreign *Vertuoso's* now we'll come
To more improv'd Proficients nearer Home.
There's not an Hamlet, or a Village-Town,
That want such Manufactures of their own.

A Rag of *Crispin*, whistling in his Stall,
Drill'd thro' his Thumb a blunt ill-guided
A great Misfortune to poor *Gentle-Craft*, [Awl,
Who rav'd, and wish'd on fire both Blade & Haste.
The streaming Blood, deep Gash, and pungent
Of a late useful, now disabled, Part, [Smart
Makes the *Cordwainer's* very Teeth to jarr,
Surgeons are far remote, and Fees as far.
But Fortune, helping oft at a Dead-lift,
Directs *Translatour* to a lucky Shift.

A Ball of Wax (a Ballam tho' obscure)
By frequent Application, works a Cure.
He hugs himself, and thanks his Stars, that he
Had Grace his own Physician to be,
And save an useful Thumb, and needless Fee.

Had I, he cries, fall'n in the Hands of some,
Or any but my self, this might have come
To be a mortify'd, or gangren'd Thumb.

The Quack's Pourtrait.

23

For most Pretenders to Chirurgery
Have little Skill, and less Integrity;
Prolong the Cure, to multiply the Fee.

Flush'd with this good Success; he now resolves
T'advance from mending Soles, to making Salves.
In the next Village he the Trade begins,
First with Cut-fingers, then with broken Shins,
Next he old Sores, and Ulcers undertakes,
And makes up waxen *Pills* for Stomach-Aches.

Thus by degrees despising his old Friends,
His *Hobb nails*, *Sparrow-bills*, and *Taching-Ends*,
Instead of *Peggs*, *old Heells*, and *musty Soles*,
His Shelf is rang'd with *Gally-pots*, and *Rolls*.

He his old *Strapps*, and perforated *Last*,
As useless Lumber, to the Dunghill cast;
Commenc'd, and for a skillful Doctor pass'd.

A Nother such Chance-Doctor was a Shred
Of Humane Shape, made up of Clout, & Thred.
Call'd Captain *Stitch*.— There was a peevish Boy
Listed himself in *Stitches* Company.

The Captain disciplin'd him for the Field;
First arms him with a massy *Finger-Shield*;
Instructs him how to make his pliant Feet
With his Posteriors in close Order meet:
Next, how to tols a Pike of burnish'd Steel,
And, in low Posture, to Discharge and Kneel.

Thus far equipp'd, he mounts the Guard, begins
To make a *Crucifix* of *Calves* and *Shins*:

Into a *Tripas* shapes his *Heells* and *Bum* ;
And turns his Finger-Nails t' a Curry-comb.

The Flagg he first engag'd with, chanc'd to be
A tatter'd Covering of Virginity.

As he display'd the Furbeloes, he spies
An old *Moss Trooper*, more than Standard-size.

Villain, he cries, prepare for Death. This said,
Two strenuous Passes at his Heart he made ;
But unsuccessful both. His Pike did glide
Both times from off th' impenetrable Hide.
And just as he to charge again prepar'd,
The Beast advanc'd his *Anvil back*, and span'd
With fierce extended Paws, and brawny Thighs,
And points his huge Probois at his Eyes.

A Microscope will make a Flea excel,
An Elephant in bulk. And who can tell,
But some contracted Eye-balls represent
Minutest Objects in as large Extent ?

All Parts he view'd intently, and so nigh,
That trying to dislodge his Enemy
By firt of Thumb ; he darts into his Eye.

Tyro falls back, his Shield and Spear throws down,
I'm blinded cries. But how, he wou'd not own.
Both Palms immoveable upon his Eyes
He trembling fixt, and for assistance cries.

[strain]
Some hold his Head, some pinch his Nose, and
His Eye-lids, to enquire the cause of Pain,
Whilst others felt his Pulse ; but all in vain.

For more the Captive struggled to get loose,
The more the Victor kept his Pris'ner close.

Their common Censure was ; The wicked Boy
Was stricken blind for some foul Villany.
With piteous Groans he's carry'd off. His Snout
Bound to his Brains, for fear his Eyes dropp'd out.
Thus Hood-wink'd to his Lodging-Room is led.
Men nat'rally d-fire to die in Bed.

We'll leave him there, with his unwelcom Guest,
In hopes one Eye, at least, may take some Rest.

W'Are told, that on the Banks of fruitful Nile,
Where *Alligator* breeds, and *Crocodile*,
The Monster grows in length to fifty Foot,
Invulnerable both by Sword and shot.
Invested with such Poison, Pow'r, and Spite,
He kills all living Things that come in sight ;
And yet is slain by that despised Thing,
A *Weefel*, which can neither strike, nor sting.
But slyly, whilst the Serpent fearless sleeps,
'Twixt his ill-jointed *Mandibles* she creeps ;
Doth in Meanders of his Entrails stray,
Till in the Labrynth she hath lost her way.
At last, despairing safely to retire,
Diggs Furrows thro' his Gutts, and both expire.
Laborious *Crab-louse* thus in *Patch's* Eye,
The tender Globe excoriates, till she dye.

When Shades retir'd, and Light began to rise,
Reproaching Swains for their superfluous

When *Madge* the Scullion thrice was call'd to rise,
Thrice yawn'd and stretch'd, and thrice had rubb'd

[her Eyes.

Now serenades her Master's Lodging-Room,
With Tongues, & Andirons, Fireshovel, & Broom.
Then *Stitch* march'd up before his Scrubbing-Gang
And enter'ing made the House this learn'd Harangue.

All Night this fertile Brain, these waking Eyes
(That always with th'afflicted sympathize)
Have been projecting Health. I rose at Two,
Survey'd my Grand-fire's Heir-loom Coffers thro'
Perus'd his Manuscripts by Candle-light,
(Long kept in Darkness, to restore the Sight)
Pick'd out the Choicest, and at Three exact,
I learnt the Art to couch a *Cataract*.
Now these laborious Lucubrations I
Resolve to experiment—— He can but dye.

This said, without Delay he did detach
A File of trusty *Thimblebeers* to fetch [Wretch.
(Prepar'd for *Blind-man's-Raff*) the muffled
Supinely laid, with Arms bound down t'his Breast
And Scissar's-handle round his Eye depress'd.
Stitch turn'd the Cover off the Chrysal-Ball,
And there disclos'd the Ten-Foot Animal.
'Twas corpulent before, now double-siz'd,
B'ing fous'd in Brine, distended, and disguis'd.
Stitch in a Rapture, cries; Neighbours, behold
An Operation worth a Mine of Gold!

A Cancer! — See, his involuted Claws.
Of sudden Blindness the malignant Cause.
An eating Wolf! that preys upon the Sight,
Incurable, if laps'd one other Night.

The Crevise then had been incorporate
Within the Sight; the Cure had been too late.

Then dextrous Hand, and Needle's point inclin'd
Sweeps out the pickled Louse, and heals the Blind.

Now *Stitch* the use of Sheers, and Goose suspends
For Skill, with *Atwood*, and with *Read* contends

The *Nomenclatour* seeks for Terms of Art,
And gets a Schedule of hard Names by heart.

Learns to pronounce with kind of *Small-Coal-Tone*
Ophthalmy, *Glaucome*, *Suggillation*.

Of *Optricks* now, and *Tunicles* doth prate,

Araneous, *Corneous*, *Uveous*, and *Adnate*,

Of *Humours*, *Aqueous*, *Vitreous*, *Chrystallin*,

Albugoes, *Nebulae*, *Nail*, *Web*, and *Pin*.

Amuses all the Country with this List.

And, who but *Stitch*, the famous *Oculist*?

THESE few Examples are produc'd to show
How Mushroom-Quacks uncultivated grow
'Twou'd tire the Reader's Patience to recite
The num'rous Crops of one Autumnal Night.

SOME by Misfortunes do, and some by Chance
And some thro' meer Necessity commence,
But most by Pride, Conceit, and want of Sense.

And then the basest Refuse of the Breed
 Will write Prescriptions, tho' they cannot read,
 And hope they shall, for Impudence be fee'd
 Some claim by Birth right this Profession,
 As Midwives Daughters, and a Seventh-Son.
 One lately, ill'd *Unborn*, by's Practice got
 Ten thousand Pounds, that was not born t'a Groat.

EV'ry old Country-wife, that doth but know,
 Where *Scurvy-Grass*, and *Water-Cresses* grow,
 That wisely can, at one sagacious view,
 Distinguish between *Fern* and *Feverfew*,
 And mash a Diet-drink in yesty Stoond,
 Is qualify'd to make a Sick-man sound.
 And if sh' has ever heard of *Hartshorn-Jelly* :
 That's a most Sov'reign Cure for Back and Belly.
 Hystericks, Rickets, Agues, Chollick, Stone
 Must fly before this grand *Panpharmakon*.

[Shine,

ALL *Bacchus-Sons* (like Midnight-Stars) that
 And wear the Crimson Liv'ry of the Vine;
 That once a Night are Lords, or Gentlemen,
 Because they sit till Two, and rise at Ten,
 Get time to Dine, and then fall to't agen.
 All Boon-Companions of the Topping-Tribe,
 Have weighty Reasons, why they shou'd prescribe.

The Maxim's undisputed. *That a Man*
Of Forty, Fool is, or Physician.
 Who half so long frequent the Tippling-Schools,
 And can't prescribe in their own Case, are Fools.

The

The Purple-Liquor that the Glass contains,
(Without Dissection) shews the use of Veins.
The brittle Particles of broken Glass,
How Microcosmal-Frame compounded was.
And for Dispensatory-Terms, they need
No other Volumes, but themselves to read.

Their *Hiccocks*, *Stam'rings*, *Belchings*, *blood shot* }
Vertigoes, *Megrims*, *Paralytick Thighs*, [Eyes, }
And *Morning Qualms*, that on their Stomachs rise; }
Their *Cephalagies*, *overflowing Gall*,
Symptoms Rheumatick, and *Hydropical*,
Surfeits, *Cachexies*, *Indigestion*, }
Gripes, *Strang'ry*, *Diabetes*, *Gout*, and *Stone*, }
(The known Effects of Computation) }
Make up a List, might set up any Man,
With Stock sufficient for a *Charlatan*.

ALL, that can Shave, or Powder, or Perfume,
A Doctor's Title to themselves assume.
A Barber holds the Tenure by Entail;
His Talent's first to wound, and then to heal.
As if, in earnest, I shou'd break your Head
And then, in jest, thereon a Plaister spread,
And be a noble Doctor for the Deed.

Each Individual of the *Movement-Trade*,
That mends a Clock, is half a Doctor made.
From Artificial Circulation, proves
How all the nat'ral Microcosm moves.
From due proportion'd *Centres*, *Phusties*, *Springs*,
Teeth, *Pinions*, *Pottisses*, and *Cat-gut-Strings*

Can

Can form new Notions Anatomical
 Of *Muscles, Tendons, Liver, Heart, and Gall.*
 Disorders cures with *Burnisher and File,*
 And makes the Humours circulate with *Oyl.*

O Blessed Times, Improv'd, judicious-Age!
 Beyond what *Brabe, or Lilly* cou'd presage
 For now a *Cobler's-Stall, a Pedlar's-Pack,*
 A *Tinker's Budget,* turns you out a *Quack.*
 Ev'ry Fool-hardy Knave, and guzzling Sot,
 Whose Book's his Belly, and his Text a Pot,
 Reads *Phylick Lectures,* tho' his Brains betray,
 That by his Stars, he was design'd to lay
 A *Brick,* and in a literal Sense, to moisten *Clay.*

I In short. There's scarce a *Cobler* to be found,
Botcher, or Tinker all the Country round,
 But hath a *Quackish Wind-mill* in his Head,
 And dreams of *Cures, and Medicines* out of *Beel*
 All which are just, and honest *Counter-Plott*
 Whilst *Quacks* are *Tinkling, Botching, Cobbling,*

F I N I S.



